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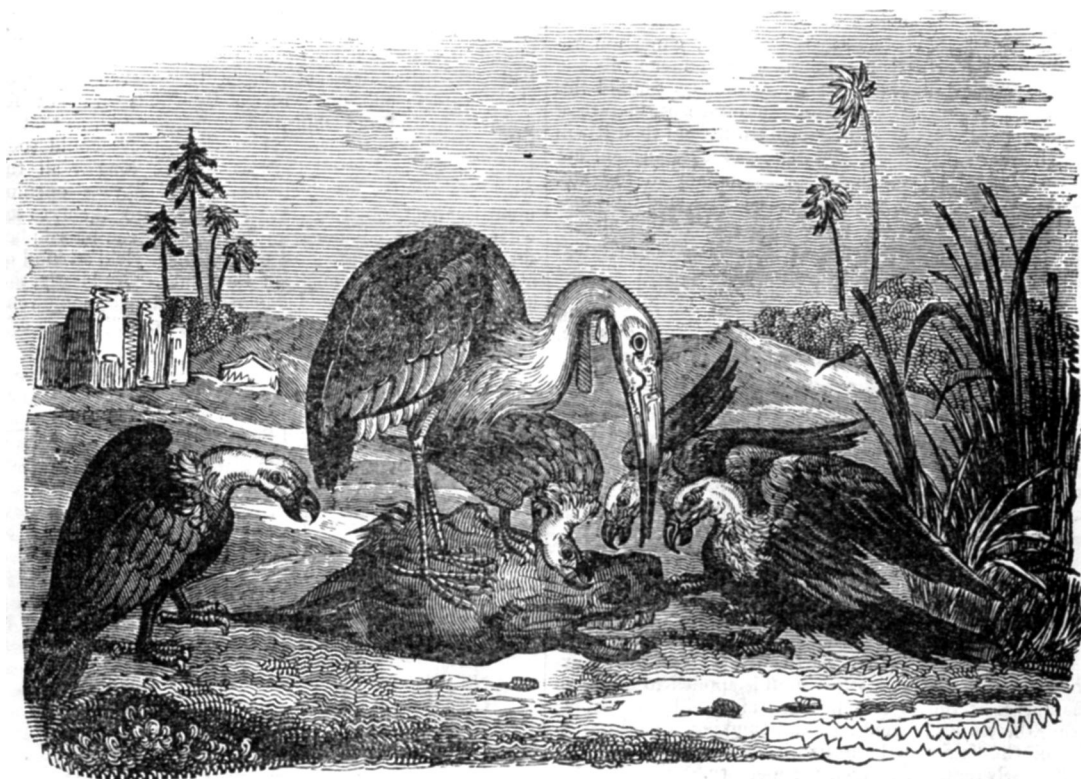
SINGULAR USES OF INSECTS.

STR—The propensity of the insect tribe to prey on one another has been applied to useful purposes, and in warm climates, where their swarms are a serious evil, one species is kept to destroy the other, as we keep cats in our houses to destroy rats and mice. Long, in his "History of Jamaica," states that the Indians, having discovered how fire flies feed on mosquitoes, attract the former with lighted torches, and when they have caught a sufficient number of them, they let them loose in their huts at night, to drive the mosquitoes from their hammocks, which office they perform very effectually the voracious insect is scared away by his luminous enemy, and the Indian sleeps in peace. But a more remarkable instance of this application of their mutual hostilities to useful purposes, is mentioned by Walsh, in his "Notices of Brazil." The frigate in which he returned to Europe, was infested with enormous cock roaches, which had filled every cavity, and devoured and destroyed every thing they could consume. To abate this almost intolerable nuisance, Captain Arabintook on board six large spiders, from the coast of Africa to destroy them. They were of a very large and ravenous kind, resembling Tarantulas; had no papule, and made no webs. They

lay in wait for their prey in the angles of the timbers, with bodies as large as wall-nuts, and legs radiating from it in a circumference of seven or eight inches. When a cock-roach appeared, they darted on it with irresistible force, and soon subdued it, though it was generally as large as a small bird; and moved with a strength, and evinced a resistance altogether superior to what could be expected from the insect tribe. M. K.

A true bill of fare for the Court of Assistants of the worshipful company of wax-chandlers, London, in 1478:—

	s.	d.
Two loins of veal, and two loins of mutton, ..	1	4
One loin of beef,	0	4
One dozen of pigeons, and one dozen rabbits..	0	9
One pig, and one capon,	1	0
One goose, and a hundred eggs,	1	0½
One leg of mutton.....	0	2½
Two gallons of sack,	1	4
Eighteen gallons of strong ale.....	1	6
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	7	6



AN ADJUTANT SURROUNDED BY VULTURES.

There is at present a very fine, large, grey vulture in the Zoological garden, in the Park. On seeing it the other day, it reminded me of the occurrence represented in the wood cut at the head of this article, which illustrates in a striking manner, the assistance which animals will sometimes give each other, even although they may belong to different genera and species.

The head of a horse was thrown in a field about thirty yards from the window of my quarter, near Calcutta; it was about noon, and not a cloud in the sky to obscure a burning sun, in the month of May, and no vultures were within sight. Immediately after the head was thrown down, a few crows collected and began to pick at it; then four or five adjutants* came and surveyed the head, but think-

ing they could make nothing of it in its present state they retired a few paces, and in less than five minutes the vultures began to drop in the neighbourhood, and in a few seconds formed a circle round the head, about fifteen feet from it; this circle they slowly contracted until within about five feet of the object, pausing occasionally; and then they made a rush in and commenced devouring it—the crows retired; the adjutants still remaining as spectators merely, until the head was tossed about by the vultures in the scramble, when one of the adjutants stepped over the backs of the crowd, and stood on the head, (as represented in the wood-cut,) evidently for the purpose of keeping it steady, and facilitating the operations of the vultures. We can better understand this when we reflect on the habits and powers of these two birds. The vultures can only eat the soft parts—the adjutants, of the two, prefer the bones. The vultures can tear off the soft parts with their bills and claws, and thus separate

* The argill, a species of the crane, called adjutants by the Europeans, a very large bird, standing nearly five feet high, and measuring fourteen to fifteen feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

the bones. The adjutants can only bolt what they find suited to that operation; and hence they seemed to expect that the vultures would do the work of division for them, although in this instance they were disappointed, as they could make nothing of the bones of the head; not so had it been a sheep, or dog, or any animal of this size.—The bones were visited throughout the day by great numbers of adjutants, and were carried off into the jungle by the jackalls in the evening.

These adjutants are very numerous in the hot weather in the neighbourhood of the residences of Europeans, and are very useful in picking up the bones and offal. In Calcutta they are protected in their occupation as scavengers, by the police regulations, which impose a fine on any one destroying them. They can swallow the long bone of a small leg of mutton, and will bolt a litter of kittens without any scruple. They are very harmless, and appear unconscious of their great strength. The only injury I ever knew any of them doing was to a man, who was killed by one flying against him unawares, as he was turning the corner of a street. In the fort, at Calcutta, they walk all day in front of the windows and doors of the barracks, and are great favourites with the soldiers, whom they suffer to approach within three or four yards, but slip off if you attempt to touch them. Sometimes the soldiers try to pass away an hour of a long and dreary Indian day, by playing tricks on the adjutants. The bones of two legs of mutton are tied together by a piece of cord, like chain-shot; these are soon seized and swallowed by two adjutants, who, noodle and doodle like, keep bowing at each other until the cord breaks. In the cold season they migrate to the marshy wastes in the vicinity of Cluthagony, leaving behind the young and the old, who remain until next season; as those who migrate do so for the purpose of hatching, and during this period probably live on fish, which their long legs and the form of their bills seem to adapt them for capturing. F.

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURITAN'S GRAVE" &c.

In our last we briefly noticed "The Forget me not." It was our original intention to confine our extract to the excellent story which we then gave as a specimen of the work. In the following delineation, however, there is so much of truth, and of a species of truth, which, if rightly taken up, may be of infinite service to a very interesting class of our readers—our young friends—who, dreaming of the success of one or two celebrated authors, are disposed to try their fortune in the world of literature, that we think one or two of our pages cannot be better occupied than by affording some idea of what may, generally speaking, be expected as the result of those high hopes and expectations, but too frequently cherished by individuals esteemed by friends as lads of literary genius. Unfortunately, in Ireland, this class is by no means limited to a few. We have known many, who, conceiving themselves possessed of literary abilities, have left their quiet homes, and humble occupations, in search of that fame which but few acquire; and which even in the possession of a few, has generally proved a most unprofitable article to trade on. We know of no profession or calling more humiliating than "a poor author." There are few worse paid than even clever men obliged to write for their daily bread. The *ignis fatuus* of authorship has led many a clever youth to ruin: and with all respect for the craft, we candidly confess we should rather see our sons decent shoemakers or tailors—than authors by profession. We trust, therefore, that the moral of the following story may not be lost upon those for whom it is specially intended:

Ferdinand Harwood was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents are not thieves: he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had none to leave him; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father or mother. The father of Ferdinand occupied a small farm under a great man, whose

name was Sir Arthur Bradley, Bart.; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Ferdinand knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart, but Bradley, and that bart. meant baronet.

The poet Gray, speaks of "many a flower born to blush unseen," and all that kind of thing; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers, seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Ferdinand's genius was first discovered by his father and mother; by them it was communicated to the parish clerk, who, happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scholars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still further proofs of genius, by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said, that he did not know what the dickens would become of him if he did not learn to work. He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in a short time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thompson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find a pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who, though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others.—Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been at college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur himself had been at college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning-prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been fabricated by Ferdinand Harwood, as he swung upon gates or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Ferdinand's father, and Ferdinand's father told Ferdinand's mother, and Ferdinand's mother told Ferdinand's self, who forthwith set about mending his pens, and ruling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi when transcribing the Pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty baronet. It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the baronet, that young Ferdinand Harwood had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Ferdinand, the poet, scarcely know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the baronet's own table, or in the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves on his hands, which stuck out on either side of him, like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise, they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the prin-